

## Laundromat Karma

"It's my reward," she  
laughs, scooping hot

change from inside  
the dryer. Concur by  
laughing also, for it's,

forgive me, so true. Okay,  
hardly acute, but enough

to trigger dialogue under  
ghastly olive florescence.

Comes time mid siz-  
zling lint, my say-  
ing I don't know how

to put this, & her quick-  
est face pronouncing now

you can put it any fuckin  
way your swarmy little  
mind...

into the apartment & frenzy.  
Till deep purple falls over

dreck of garden walls. This...  
my girlfriend's place.

Where's yours? I breathe.

Same as yours. Nowhere, USA.  
(Lit cigarette trails,

trails.) Will we meet there?

How'd we know?  
We'll be

others then.

